UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Connecticut's Worst Flood
Roger W. Holmes

Gandhi Discusses Birth Control
Margaret Sanger

Icarus Folds His Wings - *Harold P. Marley*

A Minister Writes to a Parishioner
John Haynes Holmes

Travel Letters–IV
Alson H. Robinson

The Study Table

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The Home-Coming of Anna Louise Strong

Anna Louise Strong is so well known to the readers of UNITY that a few words about her coming to Seattle, her "home-town," will be of interest even if written by her father, perhaps even more for that reason. Last night, March 27, she was guest of honor at a banquet in the hall of the Y. M. C. A., given by the semi-professional group, at which representatives of Technocracy, liberalism in education, Washington Commonwealth, organized labor, Townsendism and Socialism spoke. On Wednesday night, the 25th, she spoke to four thousand people in the Civic Auditorium on "Soviet Russia 1936," under the auspices of the People's Forum, Fred W. Shorter, director. She was flooded with written questions coming from all parts of the house. Last Saturday, March 21, she spoke at the noonday luncheon of the King County Democratic Club, on "Democracy in the Soviet Union." The following day she occupied the pulpit of the People's Church, (Fred W. Shorter, minister), speaking on "Religion in the Soviet Republic." The church was crowded. She had the pleasure of hearing the Dunbar Male Quartet lead the congregation in her hymn, "Over All the Lands," which has been made the "theme-hymn" of the People's Church.

Two side-trips added flavor to her home-coming—one was to the cities of Victoria and Vancouver in British Columbia, a hundred miles away; the other to Bellingham, just this side of the border. She spoke to crowds—in Victoria, in the Chamber of Commerce Hall; in Vancouver, in the beautiful hall of "Hotel Vancouver," perhaps the most magnificent hotel on the Coast. At this latter meeting every foot of standing room was occupied. The chairman of the committee, Garfield King, had arranged a fifteen-minute radio-dialogue, also a luncheon by the British Columbia Club of Journalists, attended by forty persons. She was also invited to occupy the seat of the Speaker of Parliament. The treatment was so fine that we were almost tempted to apply for British citizenship, which our family lost in 1630, when on the *Mary*

(*Continued on page* 78)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXVII MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1936 No. 4

KAGAWA

"I hail you, Kagawa, son of the One on high,
Great social dreamer, rebel against wrong.
Whenever I see your name I rise to song:
You are the leader sent from the watching sky,
Greater than Gandhi, greater than Hu Shih.
Proclaim the Brother-Word, for in your voice
Is strength to endure and strength to make the choice.
In your strong cry we hear the Father-cry.

"You build the hope of nations, and we sing:
You see the Hero of the Cross supreme
Above this chaos as the world's one dream.
Hold firm, great comrade, cry one crowning thing:
'God and the People!' For these words we wait:
This is our blazon, our apostolate."

Edwin Markham.

HITLER AND THE PEOPLE OF THE REICH

The Nazi election on Sunday, March 29th, was in many ways a joke—a travesty on everything that makes up the substance and sanctity of government as we understand it in this part of the world. A population whipped up to fury by every device of nationalistic propaganda known to ingenious and unscrupulous minds, the complete suppression of all opposition, a single ballot providing only for an affirmative vote, an organization of terrorism over all the people to enforce not only voting but voting the right way; all this resulted in a practically unanimous vote for the "Fuehrer." How could it have been otherwise? The amazing, the staggering thing is that, among those millions of regimented citizens, there were still several hundred thousand men who dared not to bend the knee. But we shall be deceived if we allow the fantastic aspects of this so-called election to hide or distort the terrible reality of a great nation united behind its leader to an extent not known, we believe, since the day of the barbaric horde. For our very comfort and reassurance we must have faith that there is an opposition alive in Germany. In the inevitable working of the psychological process known as "wish fulfilment," we make this opposition large. But as a matter of fact, alas, it is not large! Underground, we know, are the heroic liberals and radicals who will not yield. In the churches are the thousands, perhaps millions, of Christians who are resisting at bitter cost the tyranny of the state. There are the Jews who didn't vote at all in this election, because denied their rights of citizenship. But add all these together, and you have less than ten or fifteen millions; and these millions are scattered, frightened, ignorant, and denied all means of organization and even communication. The dreadful truth about the Reich today is that, on the one side, the Nazis have successfully crushed out opposition, and, on the other side, have massed a vast body of enthusiastic, almost ecstatic, support. The momentous circumstance of this last election was not the vote, which was mechanical, but the stupendous scenes of popular devotion, which were all too sincere. It is demagoguery triumphant again! How such power can be met and overcome is the supreme challenge of the hour.

AUSTRIA ARMS!

We see no reason why Austria should not arm herself, if she wants thus to waste her men and money. Isn't everybody doing it? It's perfectly mad, of course, that any country should imagine that 40,000 soldiers would protect anything in the smash-up of a war, but madness is the order of the day in European politics, and one more national lunatic does not change the scene. As for the Treaty of St. Germaine which forbids what Austria has done, this belongs with the Versailles document, and is well out of the way. Dismantling machines of torture is in any case a public service. But what gets us is the universal contagion of this armament pestilence, and what it must be doing to mankind. In days of primitive savagery, it was the young and able-bodied men who fought and were prepared to fight. The older men were left to counsel, and elders became synonymous with wisdom. Women were assigned to specialized types of work in home and field. The legend of the Amazons shows that women did fight in ancient days, at least in some places, but such practice was the exception and not the rule. As for children, they were left to play idly and happily until adolescence gave the signal for the young men that they must bear arms and to the young women that they must bear children. But *now,* when according to history we have become civilized, all the people are militarized. Conscription, of course, takes all the men from 18 to 45 years of age. Older men are placed in the reserve for all manner of war services. Women are recruited in an inceasing number of countries, as witness Soviet Russia. And Mussolini and Hitler, in training chil-

dren from 10 years up in the use of arms, have started a system which may well become universal. Steadily the mania of war invades the lives of men. All nations are today being armed to the teeth, and in these nations all people, men, women and children, are being enlisted in the business of murder. If this is civilization, God help us to get back to barbarism!

IS PITY THE WORD?

Dr. Lauren H. Seelye, President of St. Lawrence University, who knows the Near East and Africa, has said of the Ethiopian catastrophe that it calls for "a great pity, a pity which includes both nations, a pity which embraces the confusion, the frustration and the aspiration of civilized mankind at this crisis." Dr. Seelye is right in calling for pity in this situation, especially as he makes it plain that he has the people in mind—"the common folk of both Ethiopia and Italy, caught in the maelstrom of diabolical forces." But this very use of the word, "diabolical," proves that a devil is at work in this foul business, and that pity is not in itself an adequate reaction. Beyond pity is wrath—wrath at the cruel men who are responsible for this horror. For let it never be forgotten, amid the play of impersonal political and economic forces, that there are always men sitting in the seats of power who speak at critical moments the decisive "yea" and "nay." The Napoleonic era, with its endless wars and countless dead, is rightly named. It was a monster named Napoleon who was terribly at work during that period. In this Ethiopian tragedy, it is another and much pettier monster who is at work, venting his satanic will upon the equally helpless peoples of Italy and Abyssinia. When we read of these pitiless air-raids in Africa, when we try to picture the shower of bombs falling upon Harar, which has held its heights for nearly a thousand years and now lies prostrate in dust and ashes, we find ourselves raging within at this Duce who can thus deal death and devastation upon the world. And the other day, in a moving picture theatre, as the screen showed smoking hillsides and the heaped-up bodies of poor blacks, we heard scattered applause from the audience! Savages are in our very midst, sitting in our theatres, walking our streets, only waiting for the signal to kill. We suspect that "pity" is a feeble word. Perhaps "wrath" is equally feeble. Is there any word to meet the world today except *"Fear"?*

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE!

But it *can!*—and DOES!! Not only are private organizations everywhere supporting measures and practising policies subversive of all the liberties for which this republic is supposed to stand, but the government itself is more and more tending to take a hand in tyranny. What is distinctive of dictatorships is the denial to the single citizen of his personal rights as over against the interference of the state. What is, or should be, distinctive of democracy is the immunity of the citizen from unwarranted interference by the state—from false or fake arrest, from imprisonment without charges or conviction in court, from invasion of home, or papers, or other private possessions, from persecution, torture, and death. It seemed impossible that anything like the despotism of Fascism or Naziism could ever get started here, when suddenly the NRA and the AAA came along and began regimenting the people, under threat of violent coercion, in a way new and strange to American experience. When the courts put an end to this business, the Washington government began denouncing the courts and talking about curbing their powers, or doing away with them altogether, as though due process of law were not the fundamental safeguard of political liberty. Then came the deliberate use of the income tax to bother and harass citizens known to be hostile to the infallibilities of the New Deal. Now comes the mass seizure of telegraphic correspondence by the Senate lobby investigation committee—as nice an exhibition of Hitler and his troopers definitely at work under the protection of the American flag as can be imagined! There was once a terrific howl over the action of the government in tapping telephone wires in the Prohibition war against bootleggers. Such action seems trivial as compared with this seizure of telegrams (letters will come next, we suppose!) written by men suspected of no crime more serious than that of serving their own personal interests under the law by due right of petition. In his last message to Congress, the President suggested that such powers as his government was exercising might be dangerous in anybody else's hands. Mr. President, watch your step!

GOD BLESS THE FLOODS

"Pittsburgh—The task of repairing damage caused by the floods, business men agreed today, has started one of the sharpest business booms in the history of this city. They say that not since the World War has there been such a demand for man power and supplies. A survey by Richard L. Gridley, financial editor of the Pittsburgh *Press,* today showed that the leading industrialists were confident of 'a broad revival of Pittsburgh business.'"

Despatch in New York *World-Telegram.*

At last we have found the secret of recovery! Why hasn't the administration discovered this before, and thus launched long since a campaign of devastation and destruction in this country? What we need, from this Pittsburgh point of view, obviously enough, is disaster and plenty of it. We thought, when those raging floods went sweeping through New England and Pennsylvania and Ohio, that we were facing calamity. The millions of men and women who saw their homes swept away, their land and crops ruined, their business establishments despoiled, must certainly have thought of

the experience as calamitous. But no—it was all a good thing, since it was just what we needed to start a business boom. Now that we know this, we must arrange to have these floods every spring. Perhaps that's why we are building dams—to break them and release the pent-up waters into cities and over vast areas of country-side. If we do this systematically, we can surely keep the factories going, the workers employed, and the nation prosperous. And if the floods can't always be turned on like a faucet, there's always the chance to have a war, which brings hectic prosperity in its train. Of course, people die miserably in war, just as they do in floods, but if it helps business it's all to the good. So let's have more and bigger floods, more and longer wars! What a system, that can keep going only in terms of ruin, destruction, and death!

THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM SOLVED!

We remember being told some years ago that gold fish in an out-of-door pool were frozen stiff in the ice during the winter, and then were thawed out and reanimated in the spring. This seemed to us a tall "fish story" until we actually learned that it was true. Acting upon this suggestion, a certain inventor has recently perfected and placed on the market a patented process which instantly freezes fish, meat, vegetables and thus preserves them in unaltered condition over long periods. Some months ago a California scientist sought a human investigator who would be willing to be frozen into physical torpor and mental insensibility, and then revived. Now comes the idea that here is an ideal solution of the unemployment problem! Take men and women as they lose their jobs and can't find others, and freeze them into stiff cartons of inert flesh, label them with a description of their trade or profession, file them away in immense refrigerators, and revive as needed! Why not? This method is certainly merciful, so far as the unemployed are concerned, for it relieves them of all worry and discomfort. No hunger, no wandering around looking for jobs, no unending hours of anxiety and terror—just a sleep which "knits up the ravelled sleeve of care"! It is certainly helpful as well to the community, for it would relieve the government of the ruinous expense of caring for the idle. Of course, the freezing and preservative process would cost something, but the item would be trivial as compared with the dole and public works. Then think of how all deterioration would be avoided, all loss of health and inner morale! The unemployed would be frozen before there was any chance for them to go to pieces, and when revived would be in as good condition as when they were tucked away, to the immense advantage of themselves and the community alike. The whole trouble with the present situation is that the unemployed are in the way, they clutter up the scenery, they exhaust the resources of the nation. Now in this new scheme, they would be removed from sight, and brought back only as wanted. A wonderful idea! We marvel that it was never thought of before, especially when W. Clarke Russell, if we remember rightly, conceived something of the sort in his *Frozen Pirate*. We commend it to the administration as a piece of boondoggling really worth trying.

THE SILLINESS OF ADVERTISING

We often wonder if advertising affects other people as it so frequently affects ourselves. It is so silly, so brainless, so stupid! Cigarette advertising seems to us to take the cake for sheer ineptitude. All the popular brands of cigarettes are consistently presented as *not* doing what it is evidently so dreaded that cigarettes might do. We never really knew what awful things might, and presumably usually do, follow upon smoking, until the present lavish cigarette advertising began. These miserable weeds evidently parch and sting the throat terribly—all except this brand which is so "mild." They burn the sensitive membranes of the mouth and nose—all except this other brand which is so "cool." They cause constant coughing—all except this third brand which contains "not a cough in a carload." We wonder that anybody ever dares to touch cigarettes after reading what their manufacturers say about their evils. Then the silly exaggerations of advertising! Here is Rupert's Beer described as "the talk of the town." One would imagine, to read that phrase, that people did nothing these days but stop one another upon the streets and excitedly discuss this beer. As a matter of fact, who ever heard it mentioned outside of a bar-room? "I'd walk a mile for a Camel"—but did you ever see a smoker refuse the first cigarette offered him? We are informed, on the radio, that Bill Ballyhoo's orchestra at the Hotel Hotcha is "making musical history." *Musical history,* which includes names of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, the Paris Opera and the Boston Symphony Orchestra! Is anybody's attention won, or even wooed, by talk like that? Even book publishers present their products as "the greatest novel of the century," or "a poem greater than Wordsworth or Tennyson." Most advertising, as we see or hear it, we find either repellent or ridiculous. What it does to us is to teach us the articles which we must not buy under any circumstances. Give us a "phoney" full-page ad. in the newspaper, or a salvey announcer's statement on the radio, or a bill-board ruining the landscape in the country, and we are through for good and all. Advertising is an unmitigated evil. The way to stop it is to boycott it!

Jottings

"Hitler's bold move into the Rhineland presented European diplomats with their most difficult job since the Great War, and it presented American speculators with their most luscious opportunity."

The above is taken from a letter of an investors' service bureau. The statement is as accurate as it is appalling. Speculators prosper as soldiers die. Do we need any more damnable indictment of our economic and social system than this?

Mussolini declares that war in Europe is "inescapable." It certainly is if Il Duce has anything to say or do about it!

"The pickets, to the tune of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' chanted:

'Here's our answer, Mr. Ridder,
You had better reconsider;
Stop the lay-offs, Mr. Ridder,
Or we'll get rid'er you.'"

New York *Times.*

Try that verse on your "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and see where you come out!

"L. Thompson, Sportsman,
Is Dead in South.
"Famous Shot and Friend of Wild Life."
Headline in New York *Herald-Tribune.*

A "friend of wild life," we assume, in the same sense that Bluebeard was a friend of women!

We have received from the *Forum Magazine* a personally addressed post-card, reading:

"Of special interest to *you*:
'Can We Postpone Senility?'
by Herman Strongin, M. D."

Now . . what does *that* mean?

Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., says, "I'm not so sure these days that I care to be introduced as a Harvard graduate."

Well, that's all right! Harvard can certainly return the compliment.

J. H. H.

Connecticut's Worst Flood

ROGER W. HOLMES*

No one who has not been eye-witness to it can imagine the destructive power of water. No one who has not lived in a flooded area can understand the deprivation with which water uncontrolled can threaten civilized life. I say this quite categorically. We live in the Connecticut Valley! We live on high ground. None of our possessions was destroyed. In spite of wild newspaper stories that we could only be reached by wig-wagging and that we were suffering a food shortage, the only deprivation we suffered was the loss of telephone service. We were not even in a position to harbor refugees. But we have witnessed the worst flood in the history of the Connecticut Valley, and while the experience is still fresh I should like to set it down as a story to be told. It is a story of destruction and suffering. It is a story of the best, and the worst, in human nature.

On the fourteenth of March there had been a dangerous ice-jam north of the Holyoke dam. It was feared that if it should break suddenly, the dam and the bridges to Holyoke would be carried away. Water piled up to flood proportions above the jam. Sunday traffic on the fifteenth jammed the highway to see the spectacle of ice and water. Fortunately, the jam broke gradually, the waters returned to normal; disaster was averted, and all below the dam were relieved. The next three days brought heavy rain. No one thought much about it; the flood danger seemed to have come and gone. But on Wednesday the river started to rise again. As the level went up, people began to think of the record flood of 1927 and precautions were taken to move everything possible above the water-line established in that catastrophe. A large manufacturing concern in Springfield, for example, moved all of its stock to shelves one foot above that line, and ceased to worry. The general feeling was one of calm. The river might go on another rampage, but had not the dikes been built up after 1927 to take care of any flood which might be as bad as that had been? It seemed axiomatic that no flood could be worse, a strange and disastrous but eminently human reasoning. In South Hadley that night everything was normal. We listened to the radio reports of the havoc in Johnstown and Pittsburgh, thrilling reports, interspersed with bulletins of the continued rise of the Connecticut; but we went to bed with the impression that things were not much amiss here.

When we awoke in the morning everything had changed. The main street seemed strangely silent: no traffic. We looked out of our windows and discovered that a little creek that winds near us toward the river had become a lake. The highway within sight of the house was under five feet of water. And then the reports started coming in. The Connecticut had risen above the 1927 level—workmen had been rushed to help bolster the dam—South Hadley was cut off from south and west—Hadley was under water and 1,500 refugees had during the night poured into Amherst—Northampton was inundated—West Springfield and Westfield were under water—Springfield and Hartford were threatened. The story of that night is best told by Mayor Yoerg of Holyoke: we, only three miles away, had known nothing!

"More drama was packed into last Wednesday than ever for one day in the history of Holyoke. Reports came like machine-gun fire. The water was rising, inch by inch, then foot by foot. . . At 8 p. m. the water was within six inches of the top of the dike and seepage had already started. . . Ten-thirty p. m. and a call of alarm from the state police. The Vernon dam was weakening and people were warned to immediately evacuate the lowlands. With our own worries, we now had additional trouble coming from the north. At this time

*Assistant Professor at Mt. Holyoke College, son of the Editor of this paper.

it was necessary to withdraw all our men from the dike area. At 11:05 p. m. the dike broke. A tiny rivulet in one section, then as we watched, amazed, with the aid of powerful searchlights, another break and then another. In fifteen minutes the roar of angry waters could be heard for blocks away. The dike had turned into a dam. The alarm went out to evacuate. The telephone company with special operators notified everyone that had a telephone in that Springdale flood area. . . All through the night people in this area rushed madly to escape the onrushing waters. At midnight mothers were pushing baby carriages to the higher sections of the city. Families were separated, children lost and crying for their parents. A real chaotic turmoil.

In the midst of this imminent danger came a frantic call from Holyoke Water Power Company,—the dam was in danger. They wanted men and more men, and sand bags and stones for rip-rapping. Our entire quota of WPA men was out in force and still we couldn't begin to cope with the situation. An inspiration, and we called Captain Payne of the CCC camp in Southampton. Almost magically he had a hundred and ninety husky and ambitious men and boys to assist us. A barricade was thrown across the railroad tracks at the gatehouse of the water power company just above the dam. Hours earlier this barricade consisted of only three sandbags in height. But now, with hundreds of men working like beavers, a breastwork of sandbags and shoring was erected to a height of over 22 feet.

The water power company experts had controlled a terrifically dangerous situation and through their efforts in directing this vast group of men the entire Connecticut valley has been saved possibly millions of dollars in damage. People living south of Holyoke can never realize the calamity that might have happened . . ." (Holyoke *Daily Transcript*, March 23, 1936. Account of a radio speech given by Mayor Yoerg.)

With spring vacation due and the undergraduate body obviously marooned it was not easy to do anything with one's classes that morning. Reports became more and more alarming. The Vernon dam was weakening: if it should go, the destruction would be far more terrible. The Vernon dam had broken—several times, if one were to believe the radio! The South Hadley Falls bridge could not last the day; its loss would mean the loss of electrical and telephone service. We began to realize what electricity means to a modern community: light, heat, power. Early in the afternoon both electrical and telephone service was suddenly cut off—did that really mean the bridge had gone? We could still get to South Hadley Falls by a devious route and at the first opportunity we drove down to see what was happening. What we saw we shall never forget.

First, we met National Guardsmen controlling traffic and shutting cars out of the stricken area. On foot, we found the street into the Falls under water several blocks from the river. It was a filthy, sluggish water and crowds were standing at its edge staring. At the end of the street nearest the bridge, stores and houses were six feet under a swirling rush. A large shed had sagged and was collapsing before our eyes. Debris was smashing around, windows were broken, doors were sloshing in what was a veritable surf. A coast-guard unit arrived by truck, with a lifeboat on which could be read the incongruous *Scituate*. We sought a point from which we could see the river itself. The sight of house after house caught in the flood became commonplace. We passed a man who was busily fishing flotsam and jetsam out of the water with a long pole. Already he had two ice-boxes, a divan, a rocking chair, a bookcase, a large cupboard, and a floor lamp; all had come over the dam. Finally we caught sight of our all-important bridge. It had not gone, after all, but was being beaten thunderously by waves many feet high. The flooring was either awash or had been ripped out, and the spray was dashing up unceasingly. No one believed it could last many hours. Below the bridge the water spread out in a calm swirling that seemed to engulf everything with an awful relentlessness.

It was interesting to watch the spectators. Most who had been driven from their homes were looking on in bewilderment; in some few there was the mute realization of what had happened. Expressions of astonishment and sympathy were heard on all sides from those, like ourselves, who had come to watch. Nothing could be done; it was a period of idle and tragic waiting. This was all in sharp contrast to the scene that awaited us at the Holyoke dam.

It was at the dam that the main drama had been acted from the time the river threatened, and was still being acted. Here were noise and confusion and emergency against a background of the wildest fall of water I hope I shall ever see. Sixteen solid feet of dark brown water were roaring over a dam that was protecting the whole valley below. Could it stand? A friend who had worked there all night directing CCC boys and was still on the job, said that it had already cracked. Trucks of sand were arriving, dumping their loads by huge piles of burlap bags, all of the bags that could be secured for miles around. The CCC boys unceasingly shoveled sand into bag, tied them with heavy cord, and carried them to the dike. Thousands of bags were already in place—the work of an exhausting night. Men on the dike, men carrying bags, men cutting cord, men holding bags, men wielding shovels, men driving trucks, men and women bringing food for the workers, and men working on the roads over which the trucks must come—a vast network of labor to keep the water back and save the Falls, Holyoke, Springfield and Hartford from much worse destruction. The sense of the relentlessness and the power of this water was far greater at the dam than in the flooded sections of the Falls. Here was the spectacle! It put the crowd into a strange holiday mood! Field glasses were trained on the river above the dam to see what was coming down. A garage with a car in it had gone over just before we arrived, several houses had been swept over; chicken coops, mattresses, and many things damaged beyond the possibility of recognition. The CCC boys had saved a dog just in the nick of time.

Thursday night was one in which people grouped around radios wondering what was happening and what was ahead. Dams were weak, light and heat were threatened, goods supplies were low, sickness was feared. It was during this night that the worst in human beings came out. Looting had begun. The guardsmen at South Hadley Falls spent the night in boats chasing men who were pillaging abandoned homes. As in Pittsburgh, the use of boats had to be denied all but officials and guardians of property. It was almost unbelievable that men could sink so low as to take such advantage of disaster. It was more credible that men and women in a selfish and morbid desire to witness destruction should ignore the pleadings of the authorities that they keep out of stricken zones: in South Hadley Falls they merely constituted an annoying obstacle, in other districts they so hampered firemen that apparatus could not reach serious fires. One final example of the hysteria that took control of people was given by the radio, which so far outdid itself as to spread all manner of exaggerated and inaccurate reports about conditions in various parts of the valley. It not only caused outsiders unnecessary worry but was often useless to those in the front line of the emergency.

Would the river continue to rise Thursday night? One of the men in charge of the sandbag construction on the east side of the river told me that they had no way of knowing; radio reports from up-river were quite unreliable. Radio can fall down as badly in a crisis as the press!

One of the curious phenomena of a flood is the difficulty experienced in witnessing it. At any point one can reach the edge of the waters, but at the edges they are calm and tame. Only at rare places such as at the dam would one see the full fury of the disaster. At other places the river itself is almost impossible to see. The dam was soon and rightly closed to sightseers because of the seriousness of the work to be done. One envied the news reporters circling overhead in airplanes. A friend and I thought of Mount Holyoke and of the view it commands of the entire valley. Here was our "airplane"! We climbed it on Friday morning, and what we saw was almost incredible. The valley as far as we could see from the mountain north to Sunderland was one vast lake. At our feet isolated farmhouses and tobacco barns showed only their roofs. In one house a light was still burning in an upper window, testimony of hurried flight. The beautiful old town of Hadley was completely inundated; rows and rows of houses caught and isolated in many feet of water. Hadley is on the inside of a "U" curve in the river and the river was sweeping straight across it as if it had forgotten the circuitous route. Northampton was under water up to its main street. It was almost impossible to recognize the landscape and it was terrifying to realize that the only place at which that water could be crossed, from New Hampshire to the ocean, was at New London! The calmness and peacefulness of the scene were deceptive; no motion and no activity as far as the eye could see. A valley at once conquered and deserted.

The real sense of destruction and of havoc comes only after the waters have receded. It is bad enough in cities where light and heat and power have been cut off. A walk down the main street of Springfield on Saturday gave a most curious feeling. More pumping engines than one believed existed were sucking streams of water out of cellars. Stores were closed, people were wandering aimlessly, soldiers were patrolling the streets. Foundations of large buildings had been undermined, sidewalks had caved in, and a pestilential smell had begun to rise. But it was at South Hadley Falls that the real fury of the water had torn at houses. Here whole blocks of stores were completely gutted, nothing left but bare, water-soaked walls. Pavements had been destroyed, debris was strewn everywhere: floors, roofs, beams, mattresses, drug store counters, soda fountains, furniture, household belongings—everything that one could imagine. The line of the flood was marked in a grove of trees filled with refuse and clothing. In some places houses were gone, only the foundations showing where they had been. In one place only a toilet and wash basin still stood. In another a whole wall of a house had been washed away revealing irreparable damage. Some buildings were sinking into the mud; others were so badly damaged that it was unsafe to go near them, to say nothing of living in them. One could only think, "What do people do?"

But it was in the rural districts, where the poverty is greatest, that the worst was done. A walk through Hadley was one of the most depressing experiences I have ever had. The whole town was covered with silt and mud so thick that snow-plows were being used to remove it from the streets. Imagine your living room and kitchen with a truck load of muck dumped into it and then sloshed around with water from a hose until the water is five or six feet deep! Floors give way, dumping stoves and other heavy pieces into the cellar. The muck covered farmlands and lawns, was thick on porches, and made a most terrible mess of the insides of houses. Housewives were trying to clean up—with shovels! Animals were dead in the fields. Some had been led into houses in the hope that the water would spare high places, only to have the animals drowned. Graveyards were torn up, houses undermined, barns overturned, railroad tracks washed into gullies; it was like a toy village into which a bad child with unbelievably mucky feet had trampled, scattering things in all directions. It was like that except that the dirt and filth and wetness of everything inside and out made the scene an incomparably dismal one. What does a man do! What does a man do when his livelihood is taken away for years to come, when his house has to be abandoned, when his furniture is watersoaked, his clothes ruined, his stove broken, when everything he owns is gone? And what does a community do when a hundred families are suddenly made so destitute, roads ruined, important bridges swept away, dams broken? If this terrible thing had happened to ten families we should be aghast. Now that it has happened to tens of hundreds, we are unable to comprehend its magnitude. Fire is terrible, but it is never so widespread and it is at least clean. Water is far more destructive and, what is worse, it is filthy and pestilential. What do people do: where do they find the courage to begin again!

A New Word

A new spirit is spreading over the earth
healing the wounds of hate and greed—
a new word—COMRADE

Like grass creeping over a war-scarred battle field
it obliterates lines of race, class, creed—
a new word—COMRADE

Like yeast it works among the masses of oppressed
a bit of leaven, invincible, a living seed—
a new word—COMRADE

Steadily, persistently it grows
in the Black Belt of the South
in mill town, lumber camp and mine
in India, China, Cuba, Turkey, Spain
even in this crazy city
gone stark mad over money, size and speed—
a new word—COMRADE

A new word that brings peace instead of war
brings order out of chaos and insanity
brings new hope to lives blasted by futility
brings revitalizing faith in this hour of need—
a new word—COMRADE.

MURIEL WRIGHT.

Icarus Folds His Wings

HAROLD P. MARLEY

When the Lindberghs stole silently out of port to cross the Atlantic by boat—precious export on the *American Importer*—the Lyman account of their going stirred both sides of the ocean scarcely less than the sailing of Woodrow Wilson for Versailles. Wilson left a victorious nation behind; the Lindberghs left a nation which had failed in the battle with an internal enemy. Their going put their country on trial no less than Hauptmann was placed on trial. Few found occasion to blame the distracted father and mother for their act on what appeared to be the eve of the execution of the convicted murderer of their child. The implied conviction of America by her favorite son and his flying consort suddenly made it once more crime-conscious. With the execution of Bruno Hauptmann one of the reasons for the Lindbergh flight has been removed.

The Lindberghs have placed themselves in the scales of public estimation once more. Their inability to adjust to the public mind, even such a rapacious mind as that represented by pulp journalism, made them not entirely blameless. The bad taste left at the time of the cancellation of the air-mail contracts, when Charles Lindbergh sent his peremptory telegram to the President, made the going just a little more unsavory. Clearly dishonesty did not belong alone to the kidnapper of children but to a much wider range of the social stratum. The struggle of Lindbergh's father to expose the nefarious part played by bankers in the affairs of this country, which matter was before Congress the very week the son left, indicated that virtue did not correspond with public position or economic status. The editor who called the self-imposed exile of the Lindberghs "cowardly" missed the point. It was not a matter of personal courage—those who fly oceans have plenty of this; it was a question of lack of social vision. Two citizens, with position, youth and tremendous influence, were leaving their country in a period of trial—possibly on the eve of violent upheaval. They were en route to a country where royalty is still in flower and where position is an end in itself. The rich, prey to extortion plots, have always fitted well into the English picture. Only two cases, one considered a hoax, are on record in the English courts, whereas there have been fifty-six extortion cases in this country just since the enactment of the stringent Lindbergh law. As individuals, the flying ace and his wife were acting within their rights. The Cords and the Dodges had made similar moves just a year before. Yet, as citizens, as the son and daughter of such citizens as Charles Lindbergh, Senior, and Dwight Morrow, these young people probably made a grave mistake. They chose the way of all flesh instead of upholding an ideal. Icarus, who had made his wings so strong that they could not melt, nor gather ice on the perilous flight across the Atlantic, folded them.

In the introduction by Myron Herrick to the book *We,* he makes a statement on the first anniversary of the Paris flight in which he says that Charles Lindbergh is not only a brave aviator, but he is "an example of American idealism, character and conduct." The same thing was said by Richard Oulahan at the Press Club dinner in Washington the year before, upon his reception home—"he personified to a Europe amazed at the revelation, the real spirit of America." So far as the character and conduct of the Lone Eagle are concerned, there can be little question. He has fitted the picture of the traditional American success story almost with uncanny exactitude. But so far as the *ideal* is concerned, he has failed. Perhaps all three of these would be too much to expect in his personal and his business affairs through the hectic years he has been in the public eye, but for the purpose of getting at the real America which he placed on trial by his precipitate sailing, it should be discussed. Without personal malice, we turn from the Lindberghs as people, to the Lindbergh case. Fame, wealth, and the resulting crimes committed for and against this fame and wealth have transferred the spotlight from a hatless youth, with a captivating smile, to a couple who symbolize a social problem.

There is no doubt that in the early days of the Lindbergh triumph, the *ideal* was unsullied. His acceptance of the rank of Colonel in the army could be explained on the ground that he was indebted to the army for much of his flying skill gained as a cadet. His refusal to fall a prey to the many commercial traps laid in his way kept him from becoming a millionaire overnight, and also saved him for future usefulness. A single misstep here and he would have crashed to an Icarian destruction. (Not even Jafsie "got by" with a vaudeville career.) Lindbergh did the logical thing in accepting the Guggenheim arrangement which made it possible for him to do what he told the Prince of Wales he expected to do—"keep on flying." His gospel of air-mindedness bore fruit in city after city, and airports sprang up as by magic. Gallons of paint were splashed on roofs in the form of gigantic arrows and numerals.

It was inevitable that he should tie up with the rising commercial air companies which were subsidized by the post-office to carry mail. Many of the two million letters he received came to him by this route. He served, not now, as an obscure pilot flying by night between St. Louis and Chicago, dreaming of a $25,000 prize, but as a technical adviser at twenty thousand dollars a year (ten thousand from each of two companies). The laying out of a Lindbergh route across the continent, and the charting of a Pan-American route were but two of his duties. That he reached the saturation point in service rendered is indicated by his volunteering to reduce the stipend. Not, however, until a cash bonus of a quarter million was handed him in May, 1928, which he handed back as a stock investment. From this investment came $187,000 profits in six years, not counting the other thousands received from the sale of stock investments. The poor boy who had to barnstorm in second-hand planes had become not only famous but wealthy.

Few would have known or cared about this wealth —after all, it fitted into the American tradition—had it not been for the open conflict between the Lindbergh companies and the Government. Apparently, the air carriers had not only received a lucrative subsidy, but they had resorted to dishonesty to secure it. The postmaster who succeeded "Santa Claus" Brown, and who replied to the Lindbergh telegram of protest when the contracts were cancelled, stated that this subsidy was

being used as stock investments to enrich private individuals. The public which had ungrudgingly paid three cents instead of two cents for a stamp at a wicker window was told that, in three years, seventy-eight millions were paid over to the air carriers. Had it not been for the unfortunate accidents which plagued the army, the public would have been aroused over the stench emanating from the Black Committee investigation in Congress. The Lindbergh who had stepped from the *USS Memphis* several years before, a conquering Caesar at whose feet Europe had prostrated itself, went to Washington to testify in a hearing. He received courteous treatment but he was on trial, along with the companies for which he worked. The secret night hearing in the Department of Justice could mean but one thing. The hero was being shown the extent to which he had been exploited. His wings had been scorched but he smelled nothing. He remained firm in his conviction that the companies should have received a fair hearing even after learning of the enormity of their guilt.

The criticism which came to this technical adviser of air carriers at this time was significant. His refusal to serve on the President's committee to investigate the army air-mail casualties caused some one to suggest that he be demoted from his rank in the army. A Japanese official made bold at this moment to say that the Lindbergh flight to the Orient had resulted in the gathering of much "valuable information." Undoubtedly, America was rising to defend her *Ideal.* Lindbergh had done nothing which any other American would not have done, but he certainly had faith in the thing which Ambassador Herrick had claimed for him. It is unthinkable that another Charles, named Steinmetz, a man who did for electricity everything and more than Lindbergh did for aeronautics, should have taken a quarter million dollars' honorarium and invested it in General Electric stock. An America which had been through the Teapot Dome scandal, and which had seen Samuel Insull run away to Europe with what swag he could clutch, was not in a mood to see its post-office pennies thrown to the wind. Especially, it did not like to think that its number one aviator was being caught in the tailspin of graft.

The personal affairs of Colonel Lindbergh furnish other illustrations of the difficulties of upholding the American Ideal. Everyone was glad for his marriage, but the new WE combination was not typically American. It was too sheltered at Hopewell—there was too little of the pioneering urge which eventually sent the young couple across the North Pacific. The kidnapping had raised issues that for a time made America question herself. She could open her heart with grief but she could not find the villain. She could stand around and eat hot dogs, and could even throw the authorities off the scent with bogus tips but she could not restore the child.

When two members of the underworld were named by the bereaved father as go-betweens, there was a ripple of surprise. The American Ideal was not a guaranteed immunity to the forces of crime—even those which trafficked in one's own flesh and blood. A popular motion picture showed a grandfather, with the spirit of '61 coursing in his veins, going out and solving a gangster muddle single-handed while other members of his intimidated family perjured themselves in court. The tradition of he-man G men who have killed four, jailed 122 and have 25 more kidnappers awaiting trial since the Lindbergh affair, had not yet come into being. The America which was stunned by the kidnapping of the first son was a different America, so far as crime prevention is concerned, from the one which was surprised by the unusual measures taken to protect the second son.

The judgment of Lindy as an American Ideal can best be made with respect to his beliefs as a person rather than his conduct as an individual. At one time he was mentioned as a gubernatorial candidate in New Jersey, but no one has ever heard him mention politics. So far as the public can gather, he is not even a liberal of the type of his father-in-law. It is certain that he would not qualify for his father's shoes, the man who was sent to Congress by the common people of upper-central Minnesota because he had convinced them of the deep-seated wrongs perpetrated against the people. Long before Father Coughlin assailed the bankers, the older Lindbergh was exposing the Money Trust and the depravity of the two existing parties. In 1923, Charles, Junior, flew to Minnesota to help his father in his campaign. The elder Lindbergh was so impressed by this novel method of transportation, his son records in his book, *We,* that he was won over to flying. There is no record, however, either in the book or in subsequent events to indicate that the son was won over to his father's beliefs. The radical literature showered on villages from the air missed its mark so far as the youthful pilot was concerned.

In all this, he was a typical American, but not an ideal one. To live in Engelwood at a time when scores of families were going daily to the city garbage dump for food is typically American, as was the suggestion of the *Engelwood News* that an incinerator be built. To be utterly silent on the question of justice to the working man is typically American. Yet so deeply are all citizens involved in labor questions that the very boat which took the Lindberghs away into exile was delayed in sailing because of a strike. The humanitarianism of the Lindberghs, was shown when they were in the Orient by risking their lives in carrying provisions to famine-ridden and crazed people in the interior. None would think of them as hard hearted, but they have been unable to adjust to the American scene of which they are a part and whose stage they have unwillingly monopolized. They left America too soon. There is much yet to be done. The cranks who write letters to famous people (the Lyman statement says that "the threats came in the most part from cranks, sometimes from persons definitely insane . . .") are still with us. Institutions are built for them as fast as our tax-burdened people can do so. Journalism which exploits Communists and radicals, as well as the principals of crime, still clutters up the newsstands. We still lack a social philosophy which will make us get at the basis of kidnapping. To match the fifty thousand dollars which was thrown over the cemetery wall, the Government has spent approximately a million dollars on this single case. There is the problem of the insecurity of poverty as well as the insecurity of riches. We still strive for an ideal which will keep citizens free from the fear of the wolf at their door, as well as from a ladder at the nursery windows. Industry is on trial. Can its newest recruit, the aeronautics industry, be as soundly honest at heart as its product is mechanically proficient?

All of these problems were left behind by the Lindberghs. They placed a nation on trial which was

already on trial, and they put another nation on a plane which will be hard to occupy. England may have a low crime curve and it may exalt culture for its own sake, but it cannot remain an island in a world of turmoil. At any moment, it and all those who inhabit its isles, may be plunged into a European war. It cannot protect the Lindberghs from the glare of publicity though it may provide a more genteel variety. The *Spirit of St. Louis* had just as rough going at the hands of well-meaning crowds in London as in Paris, and the English had more time to lay plans for a reception which was rudely interrupted.

The fellow citizens of this young couple and their son wish them well. Some day Icarus may unfold his wings and on the westward journey bring a son who can be dedicated to the cause his paternal grandfather relinquished upon his death three years before the famous Paris flight. In the meantime, were America to go Fascist, what a deed of heroism might be blazoned across the sky should America's hero repeat the famous exploit of Lauro de Bosis on the third day of October in 1931. This young Italian patriot learned to fly in order that he might soar over Rome and deluge the citizens with anti-fascist tracts. Knowing that it meant certain death, he left behind in Paris *The Story of My Death.* At the appointed hour he made good his promise, accomplished his mission and was finally driven into the sea by Balbo and his hundreds of planes.

WE is not an airplane and its intrepid flyer. It is not a couple united in marriage. Rather, it means the collective body of Americans—a State wrought in the image of the common man out of the fires of political and industrial idealism. *Icarus! Unfold thy wings!*

Gandhi Discusses Birth Control

MARGARET SANGER

Mahatma Gandhi says he knows about women!

When I talked with him at Wardha a few days after my arrival in India he said: "I have known tens of thousands of women in India. I know their experiences and their aspirations. I have discussed family relationships with some of my educated sisters but I have questioned their authority to speak on behalf of their unsophisticated sisters because they have never mixed with them. The educated ones have never felt one with them. They have regarded me as half a woman because I have completely identified myself with them. . . . . I feel I speak with some confidence because I have worked with and talked with and studied many women."

After reading Mr. Gandhi's autobiography and after having had two long conversations with him—twenty-four hours apart—I must question his statement because I do not believe he has the faintest glimmering of either the "experiences and aspirations" or the inner workings of a woman's mind, heart, or being.

There are two major points upon which I base my contention. First, Mr. Gandhi advises the women of India to "resist," or in extreme cases, to "leave" their husbands in order to control the size of their families rather than resort to birth control methods. Second, he does not recognize that sex expression between men and women can be based on love and not lust.

I had been in India only a week when I went to spend two days at Gandhi's Ashram in Wardha. Here I slept out under the stars, a wonderful experience in India, and had two walks at dawn with Gandhi, as well as two more official conversations.

The experiences crowded into the first week in Bombay impressed upon me what has been confirmed during the remainder of my stay in India. The people of India need birth control, and, what is more, they want it. During my week in Bombay, I addressed physicians, social workers, and spoke before a specially convened meeting of the Municipality of Bombay, with the Mayor acting as Chairman. I also gave a radio broadcast on "What Birth Control Can Do for India," which was heard as far afield as Colombo, Delhi, and Nagpur, through the courtesy of the Indian State Broadcasting Service.

Since my memorable visit with Gandhi, I have been in Calcutta, Benares, Delhi, Baroda, Madras, and Travancore, where I addressed the All India Women's Conference, as their invited guest of honor. This conference, representing twelve million Indian women, passed a resolution in support of birth control. Similar action has been taken by the All India Medical Conference. Everywhere, up and down the land, doctors and social workers have asked me how to get birth control information to the poor who need it so desperately. Men and women of all classes have clamored for information. In these few crowded weeks, I have talked in the most literal sense of the phrase with "princes and paupers," and I feel that I know whereof I speak when I say that India wants scientific, medical birth control.

The conversation with Gandhi began on my part with an appeal to him to help find a solution for the masses who are the burden bearers of poverty, misery, and large families. Continence for unmarried men and women is not an impossibility but it is for married women to whom Mr. Gandhi directs his advice.

He is strangely illogical in his demand that women "resist" their husbands to avoid frequent pregnancies. A woman might resist 364 days of the year and give in on the three hundred and sixty-fifth only to become pregnant. If this practice of resisting the husband every day in the year, but one, continued, the woman might have a child every year during her child-bearing period.

What would be the result in the homes of India if Mr. Gandhi's advice were followed? Picture for yourself a young, loving couple in the fullness of maturity, of health, vigor and vitality. Perhaps they already have two, three, or four children and realize fully that if they were to have more it would rob the children already born of their birthright of health, proper care, and an adequate start in life. Or perhaps another child would jeopardize the mother's life.

Try to imagine the irritations, disputes, and thwarted longings that Mr. Gandhi's advice would bring into the home. There could be no loving glances, no gentle words of endearment, lest such attentions, such natural expressions of affection, might excite the sexual emotions.

Nothing but frowns, refusals, dark glances, and

frigid repulses could come from the wife or the young loving mother in order to keep from a pregnancy she did not desire. The husband would hardly dare look tenderly at the woman he loved, fearful of his own powers of self-control.

If, as he says, Mr. Gandhi has been "dinning" his advice into the ears of Indian women "all his life" it is quite certain such advice has not been followed. The census figures for 1934 are proof of that. They show that the population of India increased by thirty-four millions in ten years.

I contend that, if he knew women as he claims he knows them, he would not have given nor would he give advice of this character which can never be carried out as a general scheme, and never *will* be carried out as long as love of man for woman and woman for man exists in the human heart.

Mr. Gandhi assumes in giving such advice that women are not amorous and do not want to express their love. This again proves how little he knows women and how far away he is from knowing their "experiences and aspirations."

I may not be so familiar with Indian women as Mr. Gandhi claims to be, for I have not known "tens of thousands" of them. But in the past twenty years, in which I have dedicated my life to the service of the women of the world, I have had private talks and intimate confessions from thousands of women of all nations, all religions, and all classes. I can claim to know the women of the Western countries.

They have told me of their troubles and their heartaches. I have shared their sorrows and their joys, as well as their hopes and longings. And I believe firmly that the heart of the Indian woman is not different from the heart of the American, Chinese, Italian, or European woman where love is concerned. And Mr. Gandhi himself deplores the fact that the "women will not resist their husbands."

Does anyone think a husband could or would remain devoted very long if his emotions and instincts were continually denied expression by the wife he loves? I predict that if such advice were followed it would be a calamity in Indian life! It would create an atmosphere of dissension, and even brutality in the home. Marriage would become a question of legal rape, and laws would soon be enacted to deal with the rebellious, resistant wife, greatly to her disadvantage.

Then consider the economic implications of this advice. A husband thwarted, driven to desperation by the constant repulses of his wife, would ultimately refuse her support and the shelter of his home. Doubtless, public opinion would support him.

Probably if Mr. Gandhi's advice were followed to any great extent the men of India would band together to make laws, such as we have in many states in America, giving legal sanction to their refusal to support wives who refuse to live with them in natural union.

What would the women of India do if they found themselves turned from their husband's doors? The majority of them have had no training to enable them to earn a living for themselves in the competitive world of today. From an early age they have built their entire lives about their husbands and their homes. They have depended upon their husbands for support. And, still more important, what woman would be so unnatural as to want to see the home she had built up through the years, by thoughtful, loving care, racked by discord and discontent?

Yet a mother may realize that her own life and health, and the health and training of the children she already has, must be sacrificed if she has more children to claim her strength, her health, her time, or perhaps, her life.

What is she to do? "Resist" her husband, as Mr. Gandhi advocates? Bring dissension into her happy home? Or use the simple birth control methods which science has brought forward as the answer to her problem?

The second thing that proves to me that Mahatma Gandhi does not know women is his general attitude toward sex union. "Mr. Gandhi," I asked, "do you not see a great fundamental difference between sex love and sex lust?" "Yes," he answered, but his words of explanation showed he really does not understand.

Mr. Gandhi cannot conceive of this force being transmuted into beauty. He cannot believe that women know this to be true and have in their own lives transmuted this force into one of the most stimulating, beautifying, spiritual acts of human experience.

Mr. Gandhi cannot understand this. He is too inhibited by his own emotions to accept this fact; but, were it not true, marriage would indeed have become a vulgar, debasing institution and would long ago have collapsed.

I would not feel free to mention this point were it given in confidence, but Mr. Gandhi has already expressed it in his autobiography and with unusual frankness and candor discussed his own experiences.

Mr. Gandhi has an appalling fear that licentiousness and overindulgence will occur unless the man is restrained by the fear that his wife will become pregnant. Has he ever thought of what can occur during the time of a woman's pregnancy when there is no such fear? Does he think of that condition in the lives of married people who know that for reasons of sterility or barrenness, pregnancy cannot result?

"But, Mr. Gandhi," I finally queried, "there are thousands, millions, who regard your word as that of a saint. How can you ask them who are not so strong nor wise as you, to follow such advice when you yourself acknowledge that it has taken you years to overcome and control the force that nature implanted in your being?"

The Mahatma merely smiled.

Disillusioned

When the pilgrim,
having passed through many rooms,
came to the innermost of the great temple
and found it empty,
his courage sickened,
and he wept.

There are no gods! he cried,
and, taking comfort of his blasphemy,
bound his feet
with the shreds of his coat
and went off across the sand
to investigate another shrine.

GRANVILLE TRACE.

Travel Letters—IV

ALSON H. ROBINSON

Less than a month ago we first set foot on Chinese soil. Like Alice in Chinaland we had wondered what it would be like. Coming over from Kobe we were on the *Nagasaki Maru*. Every Japanese ship is *Maru*. It's a sort of honorary title which they confer upon everything that floats—except Ivory soap. On the *Nagasaki Maru* the three of us talked it over and decided what China ought to look like. It ought to be flat. The rivers ought to be muddy. Shanghai ought to look like some English seaport. The people ought to be taller than the Japanese. We ought not to expect so much courtesy or attention to form and ceremony. It would probably be very cold, especially in the north, and rather dirty. Out of our individual imaginings we tried to construct a composite picture, and thus far it has been astonishingly accurate.

That first impression of the way they do things in China as contrasted with the Japanese method is still vivid. When the ship cast off at Nagasaki, everything was quiet and orderly. When she docked at Shanghai two days later everything was confusion—many more dock-hands than were necessary to shove the gangplank aboard; everybody shouting at once giving orders to everybody else, and a sort of trial-and-error process which finally made connections between gangplank and ship. But the significant part of it was that they got the thing done.

As I think it over, I wonder if that struggle of the Chinese coolies with the gangplank isn't as good a symbol of the entire scene here in China as one might find in simplified form. The Nanking government is trying to make connection with a curiously moving craft called western civilization. Several times the craft itself has bumped into their dock and knocked off great hunks. It's difficult to make connection because the craft keeps shifting around and the government which the coolies symbolize isn't any too well organized. But you get a feeling that beneath all the confusion is a sort of self-discipline, a kind of instinct for survival, which having found a way out of its difficulties for something like five thousand years is not likely this time to fail.

Let me try to sketch very briefly a few of the most vivid impressions of these past three weeks. In the first place we ran head on into the Chinese New Year. Having celebrated our own new year on the Pacific Ocean we thought we had done our duty by a year which can hardly be regarded as conspicuous in its benefits to the human race. In America we indulge in one grand orgy on the last night of the old year, sleep it off the next day, and it is over. The Chinese New Year is not a matter to be treated so lightly. For one thing the festival does not mark, as with us, the close of one calendar year and the beginning of another. From time immemorial the date of the Chinese New Year has been fixed by the accession of a new dynasty. When the Yuans and the Mings and the Chings and all the rest came successively, if not always successfully, to the throne, they wiped the slate clean and started over again. With the fall of the monarchies and the establishment of the Republic in 1911 New Year's likewise changed. Although China has an unbroken history of some five thousand years, the country has just celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday. That is one way to keep young.

But to come to the celebration itself. It looks to me as though their New Year's is like our Christmas, Fourth of July, January first and Thanksgiving Day all rolled up together. It is distinctly a religious festival; at least it starts out that way. I had read in the paper that the temples on New Year's Eve would be scenes of great activity. So, a little before midnight, under the guidance of one of the hotel boys, I set out for a round of Buddhist shrines. The Nanking Road Temple in the very heart of the British concession was comparatively quiet. Still there were crowds of people. The place itself is tiny, with sections here and there affording shelter to Buddhas of various forms and functions. The air was heavy with the smoke of candles and joss-sticks, and before the images were crowds of worshippers prostrate or kotowing.

At the city temple—it sounds like London, but what a difference—you are in the heart of the native city. You hang to your boy for dear life, milling your way through the crowd as best you can. Finally, in spite of the beggars who have turned out in full force, you get inside the city temple. Here the smoke, confusion, dirt, the sale of fortunes, beggars and the variety of Buddhas make you wonder more than ever what it is all about. But it is a part of New Year's, and so are the firecrackers, the home celebrations, and the bill collectors running around trying to balance the account before the old year dies. Oh, yes, and the premature burials, too, because it's bad luck to have a funeral during the new year! Well, the celebration goes on under various forms for over a week. We left Shanghai to go to Peking on New Year's Day, and when we came back more than a week later they were still at it. Meanwhile business was at a standstill.

There are numerous aspects of this festival which strike the Westerner and Christian with peculiar quaintness. Here for instance is the Kitchen God. Every home finds a place for this important deity, though generally a picture is all that is necessary to serve as symbol. His function is to report upon the conduct of the family during the year. In order that he may render a good report before the Heavenly Throne, a bit of honey is smeared over the god's mouth, and then the picture is burned, the spirit ascending on high. Several days later a new picture appears, and the god of the new year begins to function. Meanwhile there has been an interim in which the Kitchen God has been non-existent, with a corresponding freedom from restraint so far as that family is concerned. Such are some of the ways New Year's is celebrated in China.

When writing from Japan I think I said something about feeling the military force of the country without seeing any tangible evidences of it. If you want to see as well as to feel what Japanese militarism can do, come to China. Let me jot down a few of the evidences of Japanese penetration which we have seen in North China.

Among those to whom we had been given letters of introduction in Shanghai were Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Chen of Shanghai University. This institution started as a Baptist missionary enterprise, and is maintained as

such. It is a splendid testimony to missionary work in China at its best. Dr. Chen, head of the Department of Biology, is a graduate of Brown University and a Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia. His wife, dean of women, is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke.

On our way to the University, splendidly located some five or six miles outside the city, we passed a huge textile mill which we were told was owned and operated exclusively by Japanese. The entire area was fenced about with barbed wire entanglements and policed not by Chinese but by Japanese soldiers with fixed bayonets. I saw three of these soldiers steal menacingly around a corner in pursuit of a Chinese who had apparently come too close to the restricted area. There were also Japanese soldiers attaching wires to poles which I was assured was part of the Japanese military telephone.

Very near the University is a huge open field which was used during the Japanese occupation of Shanghai in 1931 as an aviation field. It didn't belong to them. They simply landed their military planes there and took possession. It is not required for that particular purpose at the moment, and is therefore used by the Japanese of Shanghai as a golf links. Military aviation and golf are such delightful games. In any event, the Japanese control a wonderful air-base in Shanghai, which they are not giving up, and the fact is significant.

Another incident: On the train from Peking to Tientsin we saw three soldiers in uniform. At first we paid no attention to them, until attracted by their rather pompous manner and dictatorial attitude toward the Chinese train boys. Mrs. Robinson said to me, "I think those are Japanese soldiers." They were. In a word Japanese soldiers are everywhere. It would seem to a Westerner completely maddening to have that kind of thing going on, and one wonders what was in the minds of the Chinese train servants who waited on the soldiers. But I was told by one who knows the psychology of Chinese servants that in another year these same Japanese soldiers will not only still be waited on by the Chinese, but that they will bow and scrape in the act of rendering service.

What is the result of this in terms of Chinese thought and action? The answer once again is a long story. But here is one incident which came to my attention—thus far the saddest sight I have seen in all China. We were at Nankai University in Tientsin. This is one of the leading institutions of higher education in the country. We were taken to the library—a splendid modern building. "Would we care to go in to the stocks?" When we did so what a sight—row upon row, as far as the eye could reach, of empty bookcases. In fear of Japanese occupation the books have all been packed up and sent away. Students are there; the faculty is prepared to teach. But what is a university without books?

The reports which we get in America of student-strikes against the passivity and inaction of the Nanking government in the face of this menace are all true. I haven't happened to see any of the student protest parades, but they are happening daily and constitute an important factor in the cultivation of public opinion in China.

What does all this mean in terms of the problem which now confronts the Far East, and for that matter the entire world? You can put it down that Japanese penetration of North China is no myth, and that it's not going to stop. What will the Chinese do about it? What will Russia do about it? What will the various nations which enjoy, or think they enjoy, special privileges here in China do about it? It requires no exceptional imagination or intelligence to see the importance of these questions. It will call for a much wiser person than I am to answer them.

A Minister Writes to a Parishioner

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Dear ——: I have read your long letter with the greatest interest this morning and with full appreciation of your frankness and good will. I know that you will want a reply, written in the same spirit, and therefore I am going to say just what I feel. I wish that I might take up one by one all of the points which you raise, but that, alas, is impossible in the midst of the heavy correspondence which I have to handle every day. I can refer, however, to one or two specific issues just by way of illustration, and then I will pass on to the statement of my general reaction on what you write.

First, in regard to what I said about the police as protecting the interests of the have-nots against the haves!

I didn't say that "for effect"—I couldn't have done so, because the statement is too old and familiar to the radical mind to produce any effect. If I should be ashamed for making such a statement, it is not for the reason you state, but rather for the reason that I presented, without apology, a thought so absolutely unoriginal. Surely you cannot be familiar with the radical or even liberal literature of our time in the field of the social problem, if this remark struck you as worth a moment's notice. This interpretation of the police function, for example, has been stated a dozen times, much more brilliantly than I could state it, by Bernard Shaw. I turn to his great book on *Socialism and Capitalism,* and without the slightest difficulty I find on page 395 the following: "The police officer, like the soldier who stands behind him, is mainly occupied today in enforcing the legalized robbery of the poor." There are other police functions, of course, but this is the main function. It is a commonplace of history that the police and soldiery of any civilization are the organized defenders of the *status quo.* That's what I said, or meant to say, in the remark to which you take objection.

You did not like my statement that what we can do about "this great social problem" is to "wipe out Capitalism." That, you say, was "a bid for a cheer." But it wasn't! On the contrary, it was an exact scientific statement. It was as exact as the statement that, to do anything about the tuberculosis problem, we must wipe out slums. Capitalism is the main source of those evils which constitute "the great social problem" of our time, and "to wipe it out" is the one thing drastically to be done at this moment and in this situation. It is as necessary today as the abolition of slavery was necessary three generations ago. When Capitalism has been displaced by some form of Socialism, there will still remain problems, but these problems won't be the "great social problem" by which we are confronted at this moment. You may not agree with this statement,

but in my talk I was presenting my ideas and not yours, my diagnosis of the social problem and not somebody else's. And my point here is that I have ample authority for what I said, and it was that authority and not any cheap play to the gallery which dictated my statement.

I am surprised that you should accuse me of saying things to please people and to draw their applause. I don't think you are unkind in saying this, for I find no unkindness in your letter, but I do think you are inaccurate. I don't think my ministry has been characterized by this sort of spirit, at least as tested by its results. I have seen too many people get up and walk out of my church to believe that I am engaged in the business of pleasing people. Do you think, for example, that I was shouting what people wanted to hear, "in order to draw a crowd," as you say your father accused me of doing, when at the time your father was in the church and my congregation was overwhelmingly conservative in sentiment, I began preaching on Socialism? I find that my first sermon on that subject, "Christianity and Socialism," was preached as early as 1909. At that time, Socialism was anathema in the Church of the Messiah, and about as popular outside the church in the community at large as Communism is today.

In the same way, I recall that in 1917, when our nation went insane over the Great War, I preached a pacifist sermon in which I anounced that I wouldn't have anything to do with the War, and would resign if I had to support it. How popular do you think pacifism was when we entered the fight against Germany, and to what extent do you think I was fooling myself with the delusion that I could win popular applause by remaining faithful to the ideal of peace? Last Sunday morning, to take another example, I shocked my radical friends out of their seven senses by interpreting not unfavorably the idea that prayer could be answered, and could even heal disease. I may be wrong, I am as weak and frail as the next man, but I can testify that I have tried all my ministerial life to say what I think is true, and let the consequences be what they may. If this is sensational, it is because truth is always sensational, at least to those who don't like it. Your objection, so far as I can make out, really comes down to the point that you are horrified to discover that there are people in the world who agree with me on matters in which you sharply disagree. But that doesn't mean that I am catering to those people at the very moment that I am offending you and others. It is at least possible that I am only being true to myself.

But I have no time to consider further precise points, nor perhaps would it profit anything if I tried to do so. Let me refer to your letter as a whole and tell you, frankly and fairly, my reaction upon it.

What I seem to see in your letter, in the most melancholy way in the world, is the statement of one who profoundly distrusts the people, average men and women, and who has an unconscious contempt for all those who don't belong to his own particular social class. You simply have no use for the great masses of human beings. You think they are not to be trusted, that they have no ideas which are sound and no desires that are right, that they are lacking in intelligence, and that they are hostile and therefore dangerous to what you regard as the best interests of society. A perfect illustration of your state of mind is given in your contemptuous fling at my audiences. You say that the combined IQ of my Sunday morning congregations is "anything but flattering," and you even go on to refer to "morons." Where do you get this idea, and where is the proof of it? I venture to suggest that the combined IQ of one of my congregations is superior to that of the overwhelming majority of congregations in the churches of the city. The people in my congregation are more familiar with contemporary literature, more closely in touch with contemporary thought and current events, more hungry intellectually and spiritually, and more acute in their mental processes. I have to be on my toes every minute to meet the challenge of those to whom I speak. Years ago it was discovered that the most intelligent audience in New York was the Cooper Union audience, for reasons that should be obvious to anybody who is familiar with modern society. If I were looking for the stupidest audience, on the whole, I should turn uptown rather than downtown, and I wouldn't have to look very far.

What you really meant to say was not that the IQ of my congregation was low, but that the social standing of this congregation was not high. You are shocked by the fact that many of my people don't have money and don't belong to the best society, are not any too well dressed and perhaps not any too well mannered. But do I need to remind you that there is no necessary relation between social standing and intelligence? I recall, if I may use great examples to illustrate small, that the audiences of Theodore Parker, and also, to a certain extent, of Henry Ward Beecher, fell under the same indictment that you address against mine. These men were popular preachers, and they drew crowds of common people who had no particular social standing and no particular wealth. So the snobs never came around and always scoffed at the "rabble" gathered in these churches—they simply couldn't stand association with the common herd, and protected themselves by turning up their noses in scorn! But their IQ judgment happened to be all wrong, for Theodore Parker's audience, as it happens, was one of the most intelligent ever known in the history of the American people. I can imagine that if you had lived in Jesus' day and ever found yourself in the midst of the crowd that he talked to, you would have got the shock of a lifetime. If you know your Bible you know what the Pharisees said about the men and women who followed him. They didn't belong to society, therefore they were "out," and consequently no good. It is a sad thing when anybody tests intelligence by social standing, and also it happens to be a scientific fallacy of prodigious proportions.

That your whole letter at bottom is an unconscious confession of your distrust of the people is shown by what you say about not having questions from the audience after an address at a public meeting. You don't trust the audience to express themselves—that's what your complaint means! You feel that people are only good enough to be talked to, and are not good enough to talk back. Well, I have had thirty years' experience of this business of public forums and popular audiences. I may perhaps be pardoned if I claim that I know something about what the institution of questions from the floor really means, and I want to say on the basis of my experience that the question method reveals a level of popular intelligence and knowledge which constitutes the major reinforcement of my faith in democracy. Your desire to shut off questions is the instinctive attitude of a member of a specially favored class of society which seeks protection from the great masses of the people. You are afraid lest there be a hole in

the dike and the flood come through. I want to say that, for three Sundays now, I have been trying the experiment of having questions following my sermons on abstract philosophical and theological subjects. The result has been as remarkable a set of questions as I have ever encountered in my life. If my congregation has a low IQ, I would like to know where those questions came from, and how it happens that they manifest such wide knowledge and such acute thinking?

What you need terribly, my dear friend, are two things: first, some knowledge of what is going on in the world; and, second, some measure of respect for and sympathy with the great masses of the people. Your letter indicates, on the one side, the typical psychology of the owning or possessing class, touched by a suggestion of snobbery which fills me with sadness and alarm; and, on the other side, a complacency, a suggestion of superiority complex, which can be based only on a fundamental ignorance which I find it difficult to explain. The state of mind which your letter reveals, in every word and phrase, is the state of mind of the upper classes in France and Russia which brought about the revolutions. Now I don't want such a revolution in this country. I want a constructive rebuilding of our economic and political order through the patient uses of the democratic machinery of our government. That can be accomplished if all citizens of our nation trust one another and seek to understand what ails the present age. At bottom, this means, on the part of the people who hold power, of which you are one, that they have got to open their minds and hearts—and churches—to the multitudes, and make common cause with them. You apparently have no desire excepting to shut them out, drive them away, and hold them in subjection.

I do not pretend that I am without faults, but the trouble is that you do not emphasize my real faults, of which I have become pretty well aware after all these years. You emphasize those aspects of my preaching and work which offend and alarm you as a member of an exclusive social class. It is not impossible that these very qualities, about which you complain, may be virtues from the standpoint of the Kingdom of God. At any rate, whether I am worthy or unworthy, succeed or fail, my concern is for that Kingdom, into which, you may remember, Jesus said that "the publicans and the harlots shall go before you" (the chief priests and the elders of the people to whom he was speaking when he said these words).

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Community Church, New York.

The Study Table

The Truth About Mussolini

SAWDUST CAESAR. *By George Seldes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 459 pp. $3.00.*

In 1925 a friend of mine, who had been badly bitten with the reincarnation bug, told me that Mussolini believed he was Caesar reincarnated. He did not say which Caesar. This well-documented volume makes a good case for its being not Julius, but Nero Caesar, that Il Duce deems himself to be, if in fact he does believe himself a Caesar reincarnated, as my friend alleged. Mr. Seldes might give this book the sub-title, "The International Racketeer." Certainly the mass of documented facts that he marshals would justify even "Nero Redivivus," or "The Devil," as the Pope called Mussolini on May 14, 1929, in his speech to the "professors and pupils of the College of Mondragone." (p. 251.)

Here certainly is the biography of the Italian dictator. It is written dispassionately, calmly, but with a scientific precision that would seem to make it unanswerable. Mr. Seldes as Rome correspondent and as head of the Chicago Tribune bureau in 1925 has obviously made good on his opportunities to get and to preserve the documentary proof of all the sensational revelations he discloses. If they are sensational, it is because his facts are sensational. Readers of UNITY will be fascinated almost beyond anything that has appeared recently by the overwhelming evidence of Italy's supreme megalomaniac of all time.

Here is evidence which to the present reviewer appears irrefutable that Mussolini, the pacifist editor of *Avanti,* was bought by French money to turn against his socialist colleagues and become, as editor of the *Populo d'Italia,* the outstanding chauvinist for Italy's joining the Allies against the Central Powers; that there was no Bolshevism in Italy, from which Mussolini claimed to have "saved" his country; that he did not join in the so-called march on Rome, but was called to Rome later by the king after both Gabriele d'Annunzio and General Peppino Garibaldi had in turn refused the proffered premiership.

The evidence, often from the Duce's own words, is simply cumulative that this modern Caesar Borgia ruthlessly crushed by violence all opposition to him and to his Fascist party. Seldes expects that some day, if Mussolini survives (some seven attempts at his assassination have been made unsuccessfully, of course, and some five plots have been discovered in time), the present Duce will have to stand trial for the murder of Giacomo Matteotti, the able and beloved Socialist Deputy. Working through his secret police or Cheka, pronounced the same, but spelled Ceca in Italian, here is abundant evidence to accuse Mussolini of instigating attacks upon all who refused to enthuse over his regime. Many of these brutal assaults, backed by hypocritical courts, subservient to Il Duce, resulted in death to Italy's brainiest and most socially-minded men. Thus after Matteotti, defender of free speech and statesman of vision, there fell Amendola, Gobetti, and any other patriots whom Mussolini desired "liquidated." Raffaele Rossetti escaped badly wounded, and "today he is setting type in a Paris publication devoted to attacking the Fascist regime." (p. 181.)

One gets from this volume the picture of a fiend in human form, a fiend compounded of the worst features imaginable of the racketeers and gangsters that capitalism has spawned here in America. The rural Mafia or Blackhand crushed because of its weakness! Urban Mafia enlisted in the Cheka's banditry because it was strong! Freemasonry crushed by pillage, rapine and murder! Revenge on former personal enemies! Abandonment of friends and allied fiends, when the trail became too hot! The use of each attempt upon his own life as an excuse for fastening his own most hated dictatorship about the necks of the

people he really despises, while he pretends to love them! Thus the abolition of the freedom of the press was followed in timely fashion by making any criticism of Fascism or the Duce treason. Then the right of free assembly was abolished, parliament shelved, freedom of speech and of teaching made illegal, the king robbed of all his powers by taking away his command over the army and navy and by putting the Grand Fascist Council above both parliament and the crown. Next, universal suffrage was abolished, then habeas corpus, the inviolability of private homes and of correspondence. Would not that seem to be the limit? No, this reincarnation of Attila, the Hun, so Seldes tells us, abolished freedom of movement, stopping people from fleeing the country. Italians were denied the right to choose another nationality. Liberty of religion and of conscience was taken away by making the Catholic Church the one and only State Church. Municipal liberty was abolished, as was the ancient guaranty against unjust taxation. "In 1925 Fascism and the nation became one." (p. 240.)

The chapter on "Mussolini Versus the Pope" shows the atheistic Duce again the opportunist, merely using the ancient Vatican for his own purposes. "Fascist Finance" reveals even from the Fascists' own figures the bookkeeping tricks by which the dictator has fooled the world to date as to the real financial collapse of "this system." Yet men like some of our supposedly hard-headed Wall Street financiers have likewise been fooled into lending Mussolini money "on his shoestring."

How can Mussolini "get by" with all this, the reader will have asked long before this? Mr. Seldes gives adequate answer. As a former journalist, Il Duce knows the power of the press. While denying that a censorship exists, Mussolini himself cynically remarks, "The press of Italy is free, freer than the press of any other country, so long as it supports the regime." One must read the book to see how Il Duce sends confidential memoranda constantly to all the remaining editors on what to omit and what to play up in the news. Thus he gets his people at home to believe what he wants them to believe. Here in America the Associated Press depends largely on the Agenzia Stefani, Italy's similar press agency, while the New York *Times*, despite its slogan, "All the news that's fit to print," still employs, and has done so for years, a pro-Fascist Italian in Rome. *Editor and Publisher, The Nation, The New Republic, Time, News-Week* and *The New Yorker* have protested about this situation as yet in vain. A beautiful sample of how Anne O'Hare McCormick contradicted Arnaldo Cortesi in the *Times* is given, also the twisting by the Italian press of statements by George Bernard Shaw, Lloyd George and Rabindranath Tagore to make these opponents of Fascism and all its works appear as supporters of its infamies.

Certainly one is impressed throughout this volume with what actually happened and is continuing to happen in Italy as compared with Sinclair Lewis' guess of what might happen here in America in his *It Can't Happen Here,* if the unconcern of our people allows a Fascist dictatorship to be fastened on us in America. The parallel is appalling and ought to awake the dead, those dead in mind and heart, to the dangers that may not be very far away from us. Death by violence has removed one possible candidate recently. Yet another southern state presents a governor that, judging from his speeches and program, might easily develop into a Fascist type.

Right here Seldes' philosophy about it all is stimulating. With certain psychologists, he agrees that nations like individuals may develop neuroses, and makes good his thesis that this is exactly what has happened to Italy, Spain for a short season, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Esthonia, the outright Fascist nations, as well as the government of Chiang Kai-Chek and that of Japan, so similar to Fascism. Oppressed, worried and suffering under capitalism, masses of men in their ignorance are ready to turn to any demagogue that will promise them relief, no matter how impossible, without changing the capitalistic system, and in their desperation are willing to surrender their democratic rights for the empty promises of an unscrupulous dictator!

The book's documentation is handy, but not disconcerting, at the bottom of each page and is reinforced by sixteen appendices. The bibliography, chronology and index are splendid.

GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE.

Correspondence

Mr. Floyd Takes Appeal—and Wins!

Editor of UNITY:

I wish to appeal from the decision of the Board of Judges of UNITY who ruled that the passages quoted from the Old Testament are not applicable because the "Law of love obviously is a New Testament matter."

If Archbishop Temple believes that the Old Testament is part of the inspired Word of God, is he not justified in adopting the principles enunciated therein, which clearly show that the law of love was not extended by the Christian God to unconverted peoples?

If you recognize the Old Testament as part of the "Scriptures," and if you failed to exclude the Old Testament when making your offer, is not an applicant for the prize justified in submitting any scriptural passage from the Bible?

How can you reject the Old Testament as part of the Scriptures when the Founder of Christianity says: "Search the Scriptures" (John v, 39) "One jot or one tittle shall in nowise pass from the law till all be fulfilled" (Matt. v, 17-18).

Please remember that you referred, not to the law of love practised and preached by you, than which there is nothing more ethical, divine and human, but to the law of the Christian Scriptures.

While contending that the passages already quoted are sufficient to win the award, I submit here several verses from the New Testament which indicate that the law of love was not to be universally applied.

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory . . . and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another. . . . Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." Matt. xxv, 31-41.

"For many are called, but few are chosen." Matt. xxii, 14.

"We know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews." John iv, 22.

"These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not. . . . It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city." Matt. x, 5-15.

"Let him be unto thee as a heathen and a publican." Matt. xviii, 17.

"Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Matt. xxiii, 33.

"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire. . . . And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." Matt. xxv, 31-46.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi, 16.

"Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables . . . lest at any time they should be converted." Mark iv, 11-12.

"And that servant . . . shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes." Luke xii, 47-8.

"But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me." Luke xix, 27.

Of course, these passages can be interpreted as theologians desire, but some of them fulfil the requirement of a "scriptural passage upon which this Christian pronouncement (of a law of love from which some people are excluded) is based."

It is important that I should have a new concordance, else how can I find the proper verses with which to confound superstitious Christians?

WILLIAM FLOYD.

New York City

[NOTE: Mr. Floyd has obviously won his case on this appeal. Once again we learn that anything can be proved from the Bible!—Editor.]

Free Press?

Editor of UNITY:

In a recent article, Winston Churchill, a Tory, boasts that England has a free press. Yet the British Parliament—mostly Tory—has lately passed a bill making it a legal offence to publish pacifist arguments, even in time of peace. In India, under British rule, the press has no freedom whatever. Every Indian newspaper must deposit with the government a large sum of money, which is forfeited if it publishes anything that the government considers objectionable. When it was first introduced, this was represented as merely temporary, an emergency measure. Lately the government sought to embody it in the permanent law. The majority of the Central Legislative Assembly refused to make it permanent. Thereupon the British Governor General enacted it into a permanent law, over their heads. Sir Samuel Hoare had much to do with framing the new form of "self-government" for India. He boasted of it as a long step towards freedom. Yet he entirely approves of making the Governor General in fact an absolute dictator.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Boston, Mass.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 62)

and John, they deported themselves to America.

The meeting at Bellingham was not exactly a "bouquet." After a three-hour automobile ride, and without warning until on arrival at 8:00 P. M., it was found that the Labor Temple was shut to the lecture, on the ground that Bellingham did not care to hear about Soviet Russia. It was said that in this decision was to be found the mind of the mayor, the pastor of the Christian Church, and a "labor leader." There were rumors that the Legion, the Ku Klux, and some "rough-necks" were threatening. The three-hour midnight ride back to Seattle gave us (for father went along) time to recall and quote the experiences of some rather notable folk, whose message had been rejected and the "gates of the city" closed against them! Daughter did not attempt to speak publicly, but a large room in the home of a prominent citizen was thrown open, and there she talked to a group of sixty or seventy. The big meeting in the Seattle Civic Auditorium was on the night following the six-hour automobile ride. She had to stand alone before the large audience, first speaking on "Soviet Russia 1936" for a full hour, and following this with another hour of questions and answers. I never saw her do better, and I was full of natural pride.

Of course, I was recalling that she came to Seattle in 1910—so, for over a score of years, Seattle was either her actual residence, or the home of her affection in America. Back to Seattle, she has come yearly, since she went to Russia, to bring the best interpretation of those great people to her own neighbors. I recalled the work she had done for her city ever since she came to the Coast. "Know Your City Institutes" she had organized in Seattle, Portland, Spokane; the mammoth "Child Welfare Exhibit" she had set up in the Armory (near the Auditorium where she was speaking); the "Cooperative Mountain Camps" she had organized, and so on; and never getting a cent out of these enterprises for herself. She had been a constant champion of the people. Then came the Great War, which Mrs. Catt well describes as "organized crime," which daughter opposed with all might, thereby being recalled from her position as a school director.

And now she had come back from Russia, after fourteen years of work in that land, to tell her Seattle folk the truth about the people. And I rejoice greatly! She was different from the old-fashioned missionary, who used to go out across the sea to "save people from their sins." She was engaged in the nobler task of trying to understand Soviet Russia, to interpret a misunderstood and great people, and to point out to her neighbors Russia's achievements and fine qualities, and the lessons that America might well learn.

That gathering of thousands in the Civic Auditorium, coming together with only meagre publicity from the daily papers, because friend had told friend that Anna Louise was coming to town, was a crowning that well repaid all the labor of love and sacrifice she had put in for the people of her city.

A wonder city
Throned high
In golden light

as she had once described Seattle, and she had prayed that with all the people together

Flaming golden
Might make us truly
A city of light
Set high on many hills.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Such a Church Is Worth Supporting

It is fair to say that if it had not been for the action of the Church of the People, Harry F. Ward and Anna Louise Strong would not have had the great hearing they had in Seattle. The two following editorials are confirmation of this:

"America prides itself on constitutional guaranties of freedom of speech, freedom of the press and the right of peaceful assemblage. But frequently we hear that these guaranties are more honored in the breach than in the observance. Witness the school board's refusal to permit Anna Louise Strong to lecture in a local school auditorium on Russia. This Seattle-born woman is editor of an English language newspaper published in Moscow. She believes in the doctrines of that, her adopted, country. However, people who listen to her lectures are not bound to accept her views. It is likely, too, they may learn something of value in social and economic fields.

Those who object to lecturers like Miss Strong should know that they are not merely expressing hatred for the schemes of Russian rulers, but they are stifling the right of free speech, inherent in this land and guaranteed by law. Contrast the action here with that of Britishers, who several days ago not only permitted a group of folks to proclaim Prince Rupprecht as the rightful king of England, but were assisted by soldiery of the present king in publicizing their protest at Trafalgar square.

Fear that Americans might learn of some things in the Russian government set-up that might harm us through odious comparisons is hysterical fear. The *Times* doesn't believe the United States needs fear comparison with any country or political system. But it does fear the effects of suppression of speech and peaceable assemblage. Those are corner stones of liberty and should be preserved at all costs.

All the school board has done by its suppressive tactics is to further advertise the Strong lecture and probably bring out hundreds more to hear her whereas before they were only mildly interested."—Tacoma *Times*, March 30.

"Seattle may take a bow, with all the fullness of her civic pride, for achieving a quality of hospitality that seems somewhat unusual in the northwest. Anna Louise Strong, once a stormy figure in this city's political life, and now a great literary personage, has been given the right to speak freely here on Soviet Russia. In Seattle there hasn't been any of the silly fuss over Miss Strong's lectures that was attendant upon the well-remembered visit of Dr. Harry Ward.

Seattle, in that distinction, may be proud, although her sister cities, Tacoma and Bellingham, cannot come in for any cheers save from those volunteer vigilantes who prevented Miss Strong from speaking last week. It is pleasant news that the Constitutional right of free speech does still exist in Tacoma, however, and that a lecture platform will be available there this week for Miss Strong.

Miss Strong has spent the better part of the last fifteen years of her life in Russia, studying and writing about Communism. At intervals she has travelled extensively throughout the world, to gain for herself an enviable reputation as an observer of the changing social scene.

The Russian system of economics will never take deep root in America, but the right of a free people to learn what is happening in Russia should not be denied those who care to hear the lectures of as prominent a commentator as Anna Louise Strong.

After all, the Soviet Union does cover one-sixth of the world's surface. The World's most colossal revolution—to use a favorite Hollywood adjective—has taken place here. We may not like Russia, but we cannot just lump it."—Seattle *Star*, March 31.

The Lindbergh Children and America's Children

On May 20, 1927, Charles Lindbergh made his solitary flight across the Atlantic. A few months ago witnessed the flight of his family into anonymity and safety in England. And thus a tragic phase of an event in our history has been brought to a close.

The climax of the story is reached in the fate of the Lindbergh children. Its conclusion leaves millions of Americans with a sense of humiliation and shame. For what has happened to these children is not primarily, if at all, the fault of their parents, but comes from the collective life of the nation.

But there is a deeper tragedy that goes almost unnoticed. Little is heard of the masses of children who must grow up in the midst of the forces that have brought about the humiliation and shame, and who will themselves perhaps become a part of such forces. Unless there is a profound change, the children of America will either engage in the promotion of such events in the future or find themselves helpless to prevent them.

The dismaying events, told throughout the nation and the world, should focus our attention on what is happening to the nation's children. The immediate instruments that have brought about the tragedy it is easy to name: the presence of lawbreakers and criminals tolerated in many classes, the mental disorders caused by the extreme tension and insecurity that dominate our time, and, that which has caused the chief comment, the influence of the press and of amusements like the movies that stimulate an abnormal appetite for sensation.

It is constantly said by apologists that the newspaper may print that for which there is a demand; but there is also a demand for injurious drugs, and a heavy hand is laid on those who supply the drugs. It might be difficult, but a restraining hand of no less weight should also be laid on those supplying mental drugs.

But, after all, crime, mental disorders, the conduct of the press, and promoters of amusements are only instruments and not causes. The causes are within the life of ruthlessly individualistic people, among whom a wholesome frontier self-reliance has degenerated into an unwholesome egocentrism. We are in the habit of saying that we do not want fascism or communism, we want democracy; and yet our democracy encourages a spirit and desire for individual satisfaction and notoriety which are without humility and often without a decent sense of shame. The shamelessness in this instance has been exhibited in particularly destructive ways by the newsgatherers for the sensation traffic, but it is certainly not confined to them. Its final and chief cause is found in the industrial and social fields, where the struggle for success means a war of all individuals against other individuals, or of groups against groups.

The bearing of this upon the life of the children is plain. From the beginning the child is given the impression by his elders that he must fend for himself at all hazards. Those who are connected with schools know the almost irresistible and avid drive which parents exhibit in their desire to push their children forward into prominence. There is the same spirit among those who conduct organizations for the welfare of children. It appears at its worst in the conduct of schools. It is certainly not unknown in religious and philanthropic organizations in which, for the sake of reputation or to get money, boys and girls undergo a forcing process to gratify the ambitions of their elders. This experience begins sometimes in a baby parade with prizes, and has its last exhibition in the ostentation of funerals.

Is this ruthless competition of all against all an essential element in democracy? Only a false satisfaction can come through comparison with other nations. It cannot really bolster our self-respect to say that Germany and Italy are worse, or to remember the imperialistic ambitions of Britain. For, after all, the Lindberghs are seeking safety and seclusion and decent privacy in England, to escape from America's trampling on their private rights. The lack of respect for individuals has reached depths with us in some ways not equaled in any other country.

We always ask the question: What can be done? The causes are so deep-seated that probably nothing can be done immediately. However, if enough individuals can be brought to a realization of what is happening, it will have a profound effect on personal, family and national life. Genuinely educational and religious bodies may learn to use their united strength so that they will more adequately protect the children within their care. The respect for personality is a basic and essential element in democracy, and its demands should be empowered at this time.

Dr. Adler used to say, "There are no minor occasions"; and in dealing with the rights of personality no occasions are minor. Perhaps nothing can be a more powerful aid in raising up the sense of worth in personality as expressed in democracy than our present national humiliation, which must be recognized as our just desert. A better way of living and a finer justice have no surer base than a present sense of injustice which affects children.

JOHN L. ELLIOTT,
in *The Standard.*

Sweden Draws the Spotlight for Economic Change

Tired of being torn by a choice between Communism and Fascism, America is turning to Sweden for an example of a "middle way" out of economic chaos.

The collapse of New Deal legislation before a conservative Supreme Court, signaling a possible end to controlled capitalism, has precipitated immediate discussion of possible alternatives.

Sweden, in contrast to the alternatives offered in Fascist Germany and Italy and Communist Russia, has made one of the most remarkable economic recoveries in history. Industrial production has risen four points above the peak of production in 1929. Employment has increased to a point almost equal to 1929 levels with only 43,000 (less than 1% of the population) unemployed. In many districts taxes have been paid up to 95% and the 1935-36 budget has been balanced with no extraordinary expenditures for relief of unemployment or public works.

The reasons for this economic advance are dramatically described by Marquis W. Childs, Washington Correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* in his volume, *Sweden: the Middle Way.* The book has forced increased attention to developments in Northern Europe. Childs concludes, after an intensive study of the Scandinavian experiment, that the primary factors responsible for the recovery are (1) Consumers' Cooperation, which has developed to the point where one-third of the retail trade and 10 per cent of all wholesale trade and manufacturing is on a non-profit, cooperative basis; (2) state operation of utilities to prevent monopolistic exploitation; and (3) a powerful trade union movement.

From simply efficient businesses, the Swedish consumers' cooperatives have evolved into yardsticks to control capitalism. Monopolies in flour milling, rubber, margarine and electric lamp manufacture were broken, and the prices of these commodities cut from 30 to 50 per cent as a result of cooperative production. Cooperatives are replacing profit-seeking business as rapidly as they prove their efficiency in respective fields, and an economic order based on "cooperation for service" instead of "competition for profit" is evolving as a result of the Swedish experiment.

Cooperative League News Service.

In the April-May Issue of

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